

To Be a Nobody.

One of the easiest things in this world is to be a nobody. And one of the surest ways to do this is to go to a drinking saloon to spend one's leisure time. There you will be sure to find a great company of nobodies, and association with such characters produces nobodies in others. You need not drink much at first, just a little beer or some other strong drink, until you become more accustomed to the stuff. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, euchre or high-low-jack, smoke a cigarette or a "two-for" cigar, listen to musty stories and jokes or other worthless conversations, so that you will be sure not to have time to read any useful books. If you do read anything it will be of the dime-novel stamp, about the wonderful and impossible hairbreadth adventures of rascals of various degree. Thus go on and keep your stomach full and your head empty, playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be a thoroughbred nobody, unless you should turn out a professional gambler or thief, either of which is worse even than a nobody.

There are a great many young men hanging about saloons or street corners, just ready to graduate and to be nobodies—a nuisance to themselves, to their friends, and to the community generally. Boys, are you going to train in the nobody gang?—*Columbian*.

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A SHORT time ago an English parson saw an Irish member of his congregation carrying bricks up a ladder to a building in course of erection. "What's that you're building, Pat?"

"Shure, yer 'onner, it's a church O'im buildin'."

"A Protestant one?"

"No, yer 'onner, a Catholic one."

"I'm sorry, indeed, to see it, Pat."

"Eh! and so is the devil, yer 'onner."